

VANDERBILT TO SAIL TO-MORROW FOR LONG STAY

Young Millionaire Will Leave Without Attempting to See His Wife.

SHE GOES TO TUXEDO.

Mme. Flores Declines to Discuss His Visits to Her Apartments.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt wound up his business affairs in New York today preparatory to sailing for Europe to-morrow, for a long stay. His wife and their child are at Tuxedo and, so far as could be learned, Mr. Vanderbilt did not communicate with her during the day nor has he made any arrangements to see her before he sails.

Mr. Vanderbilt paid a visit yesterday evening to Mme. Adelaide Flores, who lives at No. 566 Lexington avenue, an apartment house at the northwest corner of Fifty-second street. This is the woman, who, under the name of Mrs. Ruiz, paid \$11,000 for an automobile which was purchased for her by Harry Brechenley. Mr. Vanderbilt's stable manager, who eloped to Paris some months ago with Mrs. Alfred S. Dierich.

Mme. Flores, as she is known in the Lexington Avenue house, where she has lived for two years, is a woman of striking appearance. She occupies an expensive, beautifully furnished apartment and receives few callers. An Evening World reporter talked to her at her home to-day.

She was asked if Mr. Vanderbilt's visit last night had anything to do with the automobile matter. Mme. Flores evaded the question, but consented to make the following statement:

"I have no defense to make for myself, because I do not need any. And I have no comment to make upon Mr. Vanderbilt or his visit here yesterday or the cause of it. I have decided not to talk about my affairs. In regard to the automobile which was bought in my name, all I have to say is that it was bought in my name I got it and paid for it."

"Have you a legal adviser?" Mme. Flores was asked.

"I have a brother Frank," she answered. "He is a fine, big fellow, and he is going to make it pretty hot for people who are talking about me."

Mme. Flores is described by the men who conduct the apartment-house as a model tenant. Her most frequent callers were her brother Frank and a woman whom she called "Helen." The latter caller usually arrived in a perfectly appointed brougham.

Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt left this city for Tuxedo yesterday.

WIFE POISONED GLASS OF WATER, SAYS HUSBAND

Wanted to Send Him "Where He Belonged," Her Alleged Reason.

Charges of attempted poisoning and assault figured to-day in the counter suits for separation brought by David Landau and his wife, Emma, which came to trial before Justice Tinnin in the Supreme Court. The husband alleged that his wife tried to poison him with bichloride of mercury. Mrs. Landau charged that her husband had treated her cruelly.

In February, 1906, at Hartford, the husband says, Mrs. Landau gave him the poison in a glass of water. He discovered the mercury, and when he demanded an explanation he says she replied:

"If you took that you would have gone where you belong."

She threatened him in May, 1906, Landau says, declaring:

"I see I can't kill you while you are awake. I'll do it while you are asleep."

Food "Too Good for Dogs." At a Sunday dinner in September, 1906, when visitors were present, he says he complained that some of the food was burned, and his wife threw dishes at him, saying "That is better food than dogs ought to have."

In February, 1907, Mrs. Landau, it is alleged, locked up the New York flat leaving her two young children, and joined him in Buffalo, where, "against his wishes," she went to dinner at a popular hotel with a man named Keim and remained until midnight.

The husband further asserts that in December, 1907, he returned to their flat and found Mrs. Landau hugging her physician, Dr. Lawrence.

The husband had a lively time doling out scalding water, acids, chemical reagents, dishes and knives which Mrs. Landau hurled at him, he says.

ATTACKED ON STREET.

Adolph Miller, twenty-two, of No. 121 North Fourth street, Williamsburg, was passing in North Fourth street, near Driggs avenue, early to-day when he was attacked by two men and left unconscious.

One of the men cut him in the back and slashed his clothing with a sharp instrument. The cause of the assault is not known. The man who cut him was about twenty-three, smooth face and wore a dark coat.

Prince De Sagan, Silent on Mme. Gould, Eloquent on How to Test Brandy; Sounds Warning Against Cocktails and Talks of Cigars

Irrksome Under Restraints Upon Him Here in New York, but Says It's the Quiet Life for Him Now.

HAS LIVED WELL, BUT INSISTS THAT HE IS STILL A "LIVE ONE"

Has No Desire to "See the Sights" Any More and Has Lost His Notions of Twenty Years Ago.

Prince Helie de Sagan, nobleman of leisure and reputed fortune hunter, chafes under the restraints which he finds encompassing him since his arrival on these shores in pursuit of Mme. Anna Gould. In his retreat at the Waldorf-Astoria he listlessly whiles away the time, fretting because he cannot do in America the things which were so easy in that dear Paris.

For instance it was no uncommon thing to see Prince Helie and Mme. Anna Gould parading in company on the boulevards of Paris. Such a sight is not possible in New York, for the Prince lives in terror of wild-eyed crowds, mocking cameras and inquisitive reporters, who dog his every step. And Helie was never known to embarrass any of the gentler sex. Not he.

"Oh, when will it end?" he sighs. "Why should Americans think it unusual for me to speak to or walk with or visit Mme. Gould? I'm alone here. So was she in Paris. She loves to walk. So do I. And yet, just imagine, here in the land of the free, I'm not permitted to enjoy the fresh park air as I have done all my life, but must eke out a miserable day in that stuffy hotel. Ough!"

WON'T DISCUSS THE LADY.

"Engagement? Marriage? Nonsense. Really nonsense. But enough! I will not discuss Mme. Gould despite all your temptations. No gentleman will mention the affairs of any lady. I'll talk on any topic you suggest: give you the secrets of my bachelor life in Paris; tell you how to distinguish a good cognac from the poor quality; how to tear an auto apart and put it together, anything—but, please don't ask me to discuss a lady, for I won't."

Since he landed in New York Prince Helie has shown temper only when the name of his cousin, Count Boni de Castellane, was mentioned. Then his teeth closed, his jaws became firm and he looked his questioner grimly in the eye as he squared his massive shoulders.

"Pooh! Count Boni! Had I not slipped and really fallen that morning we met—well, let's forget it. He's not as big as I am. But just put Count Boni and his two brothers in a room, and then lock every door and window, too, after you have let me in."

PRINCE AT CLOSE RANGE.

As Prince de Sagan and a reporter for The Evening World sat at luncheon in Martin's an excellent opportunity was presented to study the Prince at close quarters. He is Bohemian in tastes and habits, a judge of good wine and a recognized critic of the big Parisian cuisines.

Martin's was crowded with gayly dressed women and well groomed men. Prince Helie wore afternoon attire. His appearance was striking and in decidedly advantageous contrast to his travelling attire of the day before. Women gazed at him and crowds stood outside the door and at the corners awaiting his departure, but not once did their curious eyes disturb his trend of thought or his conversation. He spoke freely, frankly and with humor, comparing customs of France and America with freedom and ease.

He confesses to forty-eight years. His hair is tinged with gray and his mustache is gray. He is proud of his rugged, stalwart frame and doesn't hesitate to give advice on how to live wisely and well.

"COCKTAILS HURT! DRINK COGNAC."

"Never drink cocktails," he says with perfect frankness. "They hurt. Look at that bottle of cognac—that's splendid wine, and I know it without having tasted it. A glass of that is better than all the whiskey you could consume."

"If you would tell good cognac there are three ways, any of which is infallible. First, shake the bottle well. Then look for the crystal bubbles. If they are clear and preserve their shape for some moments, then the cognac is good. Next pour some into two glasses and add some boiling water to one. Compare the delicate odor. If identical, the brandy is of superior quality. Finally turn your glass about several times and notice if any traces of liquor remain on the inside. If none, the cognac is fit for a king."

Then in his peculiarly confiding way the Prince related the routine of his life in Paris—that of a care free, independent man of title, whose only apparent object in life is to sleep and eat well. Unconsciously he would relate incidents of his gay young life, which he readily recalled and join heartily in the amusement his remarks caused.

"But I'm getting old and decrepit now, and prefer the peaceful repose of my apartments. The opera has little attraction for me, although my box, No. 30, is one of the best in the house. We have had it for ages. "Alas, how different is the restful life I enjoy at home to my present predicament. Imagine me arising when I feel like it, drinking my coffee and smoking a real cigar. All in the seclusion of my rooms. No reporters to keep me worrying."

LIKES STRONG BRANDY.

Here the Prince called for cognac and cigars. A musty, dust-laden bottle was placed before him. He carefully subjected it to the first and third tests and filled the reporter's glass, remarking, with assurance: "I think you will like that." The reporter proposed a toast to him and those he loved best. He smiled frankly, the glasses clinked, and De Sagan drank to the dogs. The reporter didn't. He stopped half way. He wondered if Mount Vesuvius had been tapped and this liquid drawn from some place far from earth. Then came the cigars. The first box Prince de Sagan rejected. Two more were brought in. He placed his nose close to the tobacco and then felt of the wrappings. "A fair cigar," he announced.

"That's the secret of living right," he said. "Know what you eat and send them back. Sleep well and long. Don't worry, and don't drink whiskey and beer. A bit of good brandy is enough. Walk miles every day. That's why I'm strong and feel better physically than ever in my life."

"Prince," ventured the reporter, "how would you like to do Chinatown some night?"

"Very well," he replied, quickly. "If it had any attractions for me. I saw it when young, here and abroad. I've been over the hurdles with them all, and now comes repose and a quiet life."

PUZZLED BY "BUNK" AND "JUNK."

"A very noted New Yorker has said that a foreign nobleman is a piece of cheese," pursued the reporter.

"Place of cheese, you say; what, why cheese? That's remarkable," he replied in bewilderment.

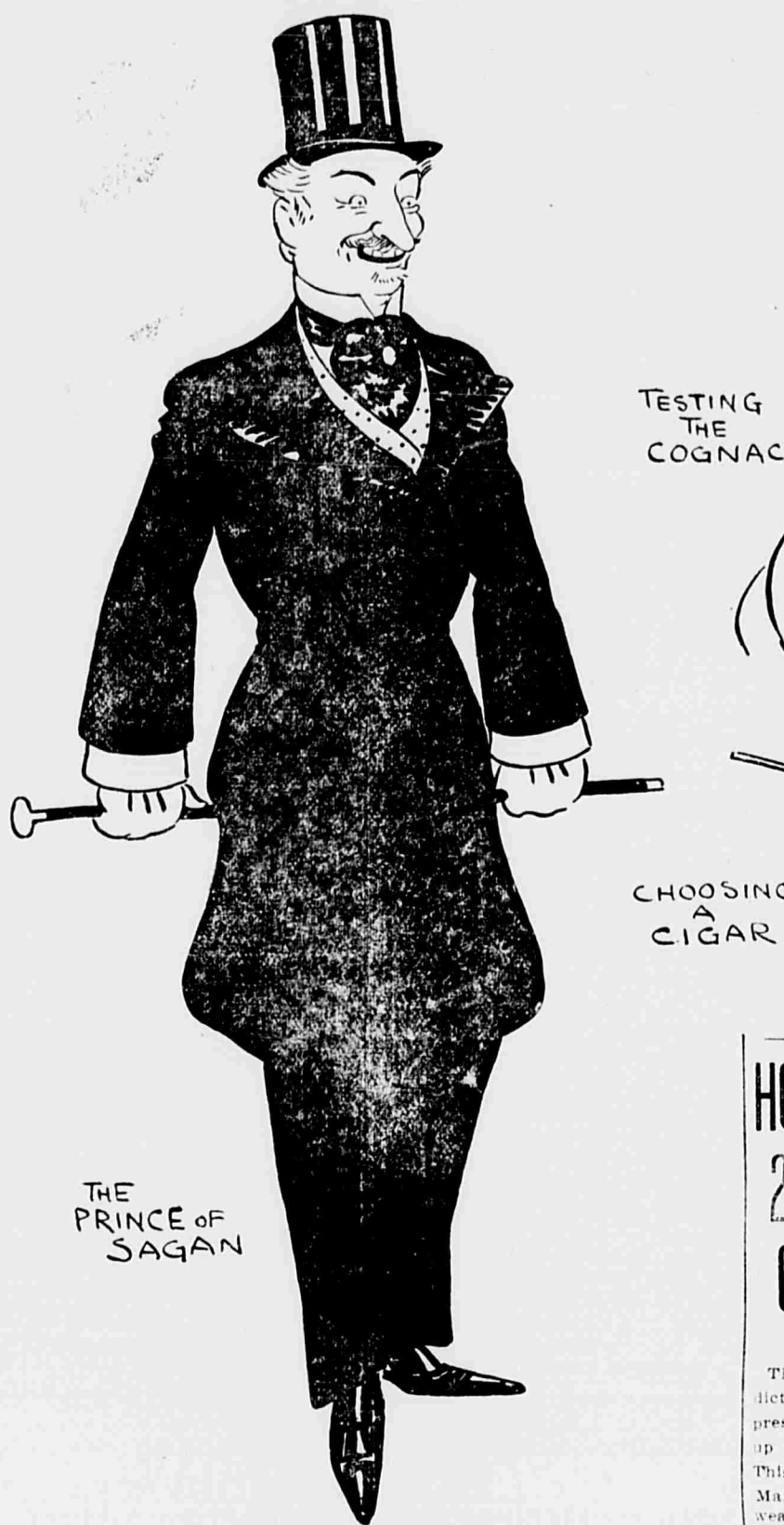
"You see, Prince, the impression here is that you are a thoroughbred," continued his questioner. "There isn't any bunk about you, and you seem to be the goods, and hand out straight dope, instead of junk."

"Well, well, I'm not a physician, but I will admit I was machinician for a chauffeur in the last Paris-Berlin race," the Prince put in, arms spread out helplessly. "Bunk, bunk, what is that? And junk you said? Do other noblemen buy and sell when they come over?"

"Not rudely commercial, exactly, Prince, but those terms are expressive," his guest explained.

"Why, I never heard them used that way before. Bunk and junk, I'll call that to some of my friends in the cafes when I return." He was laughing heartily.

American women rule the Parisian boulevards, he said, even confessing his one time fondness for a New York girl whom he met twenty years ago.



TESTING THE COGNAC

CHOOSING A CIGAR

THE PRINCE OF SAGAN

She is now a grandmother. His tribute to the elegance and refinement of Uncle Sam's daughters was eloquent and deliberate.

RECALLS SOME HARD TIMES.

The Prince is democratic, and while not crazy about work, declared with emphasis that he liked to don his machinist's overalls and work for hours over his two cars. He is passionately fond of long motoring trips.

"I'll take a machine and pull it apart. But I can put it in shape again. You know that extreme care and delicacy is necessary to keep your engines working properly. I, personally, attend to this and am fond of the work. My father wouldn't permit me to work when I was young and now I'm used to its absence. I wanted to be a butcher, a machinist, anything in fact, but I was overruled."

"Really," he said, changing the subject, "New York has much attraction for me. I might have been a broker on Wall street had I not been a Prince. Nevertheless, I have had experiences which enable me to give almost anybody good advice. Many a night I have slept on the ground and gone hungry, and I know what a scarcity of loose change in your pocket couldn't. I've roamed about a great deal in my day and often felt the sting of necessity very acutely. However, I'm a better and stronger man for it, and if Count Boni doesn't believe it, let him start something either here, if he tags me across, or in Paris. I think I can quickly convince De Castellane anyhow."

The Prince looked out a window and drew a long puff from his cigar, which he smoked slowly.

The conversation turned to the gay, irresponsible life of the cafes. But a statement that George J. Gould had no sympathy for him in his suit to win his sister seemed to linger on the Prince's mind.

"What did he say?" asked the Prince, anxiously. The report was repeated, but De Sagan shrugged his shoulders to indicate an indifference to what any one says, so long as Mme. Gould is omitted.

"Now you can surely and see me," he concluded. "You see, I can't discuss women, but I'll tell you of my duels, my lonely life at home, my cars and my life, if you want it."

The reporter expressed thanks and accompanied the Prince to the door, where De Sagan departed in a taxicab.

"A prince, but a bit," remarked a woman of middle age as he drew away. "In a week he'll be a scream along Broadway."

printed notice in large letters showing that a compartment had been reserved for him.

This reservation of an entire compartment was the only thing that had been done to facilitate the Duke's trip from Liverpool to London.

During the voyage over the Duke mingled freely with the other passengers on board the Lusitania and made a number of friends, but whenever the subject of his engagement was mentioned he immediately became reserved and changed the conversation, and thereafter avoided the individual who brought this topic up.

He was entertained at dinner during the voyage by Sir Balthus Curd, and himself gave a party which was attended by a number of his new-made friends. The Duke created an excellent impression on his fellow passengers, and was quite the most cheerful spirit on board. He spent hours walking the deck with his new-made friends.

Although the Duke could not be drawn out with regard to his reported engagement, he gave the impression that there was an engagement, but that some formalities would have to be completed before announcement could be made, and that this announcement must come through official channels.

His continued cheerful mood on the voyage over is taken as proof that he at least does not believe that there are any insurmountable difficulties in the way of his marriage to Miss Elkins.

The Duke reached London this afternoon, and it is understood he will proceed direct for Rome.

H. G. DAVIS IS FOR GRAY.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 27.—Ex-Senator Henry Gossaway Davis, of West Virginia, Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1904, was asked to-day for his views on national politics. He replied: "Well, you can say I'm opposed to Bryan. No, I won't say who I am for, but I can tell you who would be a good man to nominate—Gray."



HOTTEST MARCH 27TH ON RECORD OF WEATHER MAN

The official Weather Man, after predicting a raw, blustery day for the present instant was compelled to hang up a new record of the perverted sort. This is the warmest twentieth-century of March in the history of the local weather bureau. The unusual temperature of seventy-one degrees was reached at noon and careful folk who do not shed their flannels and ulsters until May had only to walk briskly in the sunny streets to get the sensation of a Turkish bath.

In the parks all the birds came out and thrilled a welcoming chorus, bashful March birds opened up tree and bush, crocuses lifted their yellow heads and the spring poets went abroad and breathed heavily of the ozone in lieu of more substantial alimentary produce. The hibernating animals in the zoo came out of their winter dozes, shook themselves and went after the fleas with almost August enthusiasm.

As a matter of fact the calendar seemed to have slipped a cog and notched up to June. The best previous record of warmth for a March day was scored last year on March 23, when the mercury lifted to 75. Let us hope that this day does not prove such a snappy false alarm as that other day twelve months gone, when all the little fishes came out happily to salute the arrival of spring only to find the alleged arrival delayed until July.

No Complaint to Make.

(From the Chicago Tribune.) The Court—Have you anything to say before I pronounce sentence upon you? The Prisoner—Yes, Your Honor. I'd like to apologize for my lawyer. He defended me as well as anybody could; he expected to do for a \$2 fee.

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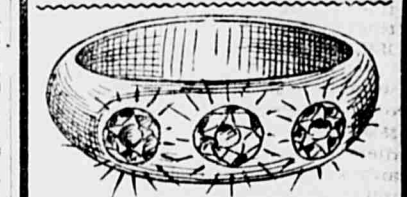
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